


I have been to school here my whole life, but someone new was coming today. Her name was Megan Mathews. She was really pretty withrier beach blond hair that was straight as a board, white Vans, blue jeans, and a Texas Longhorn T-shirt. When we first met she was nice but I new that we were not going to get along well. A year later goes by and we both try out for cheer and she came up to me and tells me "Goodluck!" In her peppy little voice.

Of course I wasn't going to ignore her, so I answered with a nervous reply, "You too!"

Well after that we both found out that we had made cheer and we were so exited we were jumping up and down and flipping all around. We had our first game and Megan and I got put in the same Stunt group; we got to talking and saw how much we had in common, after that we have always hung out and really got to know each other. It's cool that we have a lot in common and like to do the same stuff together. We learned our backtucks together, now on to our fulls. 

When I was around 10 years of age, I made an UNBREAKABLE bond with someone who was a stranger to me, because he was never anywhere I was. I didn't know who was... until then.

I had always wondered why my old frail grandparent's got mail to a stranger named 'Robert'. So one day I asked them, while in the fragrant living room, "Who is Robert?"

They looked up from what they were doing. My grandfather replied with fluent words, "Your great uncle."

I smiled and asked, "When will he be coming?"

Their smile brightened the room, "You will find out sooner or later!"

Just then a big Chubby man with black glasses walks in. He sits down and asks, "Wanna play cards?" I nod my head vigorously. So we play Gold Fish. So to this day I remember meeting him. It was a special and important event to me. Now he lives in Idaho with his sons.

It was long ago before my parents divorced. I had a special bond with my dad. We would eat the same food; we would play cars for hours at a time. That's when it happened. He was gone! I would cry and tell myself "He'll be back, I just know it." One day he did come back. He came and picked up my sister and I up to go to the movies. We stayed at his house for weeks consecutive.

Then over time I grew older and we were pushed farther apart. Eventually my father moved away and that's when our bond was broken.

Jumping off the plane I look around trying to locate my dad. Finally after looking around I spot him, "Daddy!" I announce loudly bouncing to bear hug him.

"Hey Kiddo! What's going on?" my dad, Jeromy, asks.

"Nothing really I'm just getting ready for next year! I'm going to be a 7th grader!" I jabber, happily talking to my dad. "Has Maddy got here yet?" I ask excited to see my little sister.

"Yeah. She got here yesterday." Dad tells me.

"Oh my gosh! Yay! I get to my sister, brother, Makaylea, and Sharon!" I sing, dancing around.

"Hey! What about the dogs? You can't forget Charlie, Rue, and Luvies." Dad reminds me, winking. After we get my luggage, got into the car and drove away, I couldn't help but think we have a band now.

There I was. Splashing in the shining water by the sand bank. My family and I were having the time of our lives, jumping off small trees into the blue abyss.

My parents and I were swimming in the lake while my brother plays in the sand with my Aunt's dogs.

My father asked me to jump off of the cliff into the lake. I was not going to just walk out on him after all it is our first camping trip together.

As if climbing up wasn't bad enough I was forced to stare down at the rest of my family filming me with their phones. As I jumped the wind blew through my hair as the lake punched me in the stomach.

I didn't think that belly flopping off a cliff would give me time to spend with my father and if you know me you know that I don't get that much time with him. The only thing that matters is that we had a special connection.

When I was in 3rd grade there was a girl, her name was Emily. I hated Emily. I thought she was a spoiled brat. Well I decided to be in Poetry Uil, me and a few other girls made it. Well guess who was also in uil poetry, Emily. The first day of uil was great because I found my best friend. Uil was after school every Tuesday and Thursday, I went to uil and there was only one seat left by Emily. I went and sat by her. It turns out she's really funny, so Emily and I were becoming friends. Uil was finished so we stopped talking.

In 4th grade Emily and I started talking again. I invited her over, so she came over after school one day. I remember every detail of that day. Me, Emily, and my family went and ate pizza. After that day we were best friends, she was always at my house, I was always at hers. We were never apart until 6th grade. In the middle of 6th grade Emily's mom decided to put her in private school. I was really sad, I was lonely, I still had friends but it wasn't the same. I'll be honest I was kind of jealous because I was scared she was going to forget about me. I thought she did. Well in the summer she called me, I was so happy so we started talking again. She started coming over again. It wasn't the same because she had her own new friends but I knew she would always be there when I need her. I think it was kind of a good thing she left, I made a lot new friends because of it.

I had never really had a "special bond" with someone in my life. But that all changed when I was three years old.

It was a beautiful, gorgeous August morning like everybody else I was really excited to start school well, until the day it started. I go into the room and I see a lot of children being savages they were screaming and yelling. I hide behind my mom scared and shy. Then a little girl grabs my hand and whispers, "you want to play".

Small and shy I whisper, "ok".

We played and started doing everything together. A special bond started with her we did everything together from Pre-K all the way to fifth grade. Until we started sixth grade that is when that special bond that I thought would last forever started to crumble and erode away. She

She started talking less to me I'd walk up to her and she'd run away like if she never saw me.

My use to be best friend started hanging out with the "semi popular group". She left me, her real best friend for a group of fake plastic dolls that might never appreciate her as much as I did. I never forgot the betrayal to her best friend.

It was about nine months ago when I had the chance to go on the Zamoree.

"I'm so excited I can hardly wait," I squealed as we were boarding the plane.

"Whatever," my brother mumbled quietly, "Just don't get lost."

The irony of those four little words was uncanny, because we got lost four times.

After 2 days at the Summit we were able to go whitewater rafting. We watched a safety video and then got on a bus that took us to the river where we were separated into groups of 5. After 3 mins we pushed off.

We had been floating for a while and I asked the guide "Where are we going to go the white water?"

He quickly replied "Now," as the front of the boat shot up. I paddled frantically and then we saw the huge swell. BAM it hit us with a huge jolt to the left. But we made it to the cliff. The guide explained we couldn't jump off it. I was the first to jump, I hesitated and felt regret. Just as I was leaping I felt a push. I fell to the water with a splash. I was out cold, but my brother tied a rope around my waist and pulled me in. I was still breathing so I did not need C.P.R.

I learned my brother may be a pain, but he still loves and cares for me. In conclusion I also learned that white water rafting is fun, but dangerous.

Most people had bonds that never broke no matter what but as I grew older and started to know a lot more mine broke. When

I was young my Uncle came to visit with my Aunt Jackie and her dog

Ginger. I used to play hide and seek with my Uncle every time he had time to and I would spend hours looking for him even if he wasn't playing.

My grandpa would tell me to leave him alone I never would he didn't mind at least that's what he told my grandpa and grandma. We played games that

made me and my brothers get injured in. Most of the time I was the one crying.

He would try to cheer me up with his silver crooked smile and his curly caramel brow hair and tanish brown glasses. When Ginger started barking we would have

to quit the games that we were playing just to calm her down. We even

played games outside with water guns I got hit the most. When Christmas

came I opened the presents from him first. Sometimes I got bad dreams and

slept with him. Then we were in the house alone one day everyone was out

talking and I never seen him again because he broke the trust.

My mom and I wasn't always as close.
There was a time when I just
new her...

Our bond happened Oct 15, 07,
my Birthday. I wanted to go fishing.
It was my Mom and I, all alone next
to the deep blue sea.

After we set up our chairs in a
nice shady spot that was quite and
cool, we cast our lines.

10 min later of Mother, son talk,
I get a nibble on my line. I was
my first time backing a fish. So my
Mom goes "Don't panic you might lose
it." With a soft voice.

"OK mom what do I do?" I asked mom.

"Pull it and rill it in." she said.

"Alright." I replied.

When I caught that fish it was
more than just a fish it was
love with my Mom.

I can't remember how it went out so, let me just tell you from beginning. It was just a normal summer day I was in the bedroom wrapped around my blanket. As usual mom was at work, I didn't like that she is always at work. Then that day came she told us to pack clothes in get in the car so, we did as we were told, then, I tried to tell mom where are we going but she never answered my question. Then we came to a stop I looked out the window and I saw my uncle and aunt but, before any one could speak mom happily spoke "Surprise!", she told us that we are in San Antonio then me and my brothers looked at each other. Then my mom told us that was not all, we are going to Six Flags. I could feel my jaw about to fall to the ground so, we headed out into a hotel and all I can say I stayed speechless the whole night. Then we went to Six Flags they had cotton candy, rides, popcorn, toys, games anything a kid could ask. Then I realized this was my mom's whole idea to take us there. Later that night we had lunch and head on home and on the way home I just kept my mouth shut and as I did that I could feel a wet single tear rolling down my face. I liked my special bond with my mom.

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My brother and I don't get along at all from day one to now. We hate each other down to every last fiber in our stubborn bones. Except this one time, even if it was for half a second.

Mom brought my brother and I, along with herself, to the Houston Zoo. This is where it all started, where my brother and I actually got along, but sisterly and brotherly love only lasts as long as you let it.

We left at about noon to drive up to Houston, with my brother in the passenger seat, and his chair leaned back all the way. My mom was in the driver seat, of course driving, considering I was nine and my brother was thirteen. I was seated in the middle of the back-seats; I kept bugging my brother to lean his chair up and everytime I kicked his chair we would start yelling and fighting. Soon enough, I got tired of his stuff and he got tired of mine as well. So like the children we were, we fell asleep.

After we got inside the Houston Zoo we went straight to the Gift Shop. Then I begged my mom to get me a stuffed giraffe, and we went back outside. This lady was taking pictures, so my mom made us take one so she could 'save this picture forever'. For our mothers' sake we stopped fighting and hugged each other. Even if it only lasted half a second, I still to this day have this picture in our living room; of course only to remember we were once nice to each other.

Special bonds could happen instantly or they could take time. In this case the bond happened instantly.

I was walking to class when I saw this girl trip and drop all of her things! I rushed over there not caring if I would be late to class. "Are you okay," I asked. "Yes I'm fine," she said. So I helped her gather her things and get to class.

Later that day I saw her at lunch eating alone and so I walked over there and sat by her. There was a few moments of deafening silence, then I stated, "So that was quite a fall you had today." "Yeah but I'm okay now," she mumbled softly, under her breath. I had to admit seeing her eating alone was the most horrible thing that my eyes had ever seen. So I interrogated her with questions. By the time lunch was over we knew each other a lot more.

I realized that we had band, PE, and TX History together. We were both amazing flute players. In TX History later that day we gave each other our phone numbers and as I walked home and let the wind slap my face I thought man she is an awesome friend.

The next day was Friday and she had come home with me and it felt like we were best friends. To this day we've been standing up for each other and have never left each other.

If I had never met her, I would have picked the wrong friend and would have not survived through anything that happened during 6th grade and this year. We've had the best friendship ever and I would hate for it to end really soon.

I had never thought that as easy as bonds can be made they can be made stronger over time.

It all started in third grade everyone making new friends. So I had made lots of friends that day. But one friend was different than all the other friends I had made that day. Because I had made a special bond with her. Here's how it happened.

"Hello," I softly spoke as I drew a butterfly on my paper.

"Hi," she loudly replied as she waved at me.

"What's your name?" I questioningly asked her as I colored the butterfly on my paper.

"My name is Karlue," she loudly spoke as she did her math problems.

"What subject do you like?" Karlue asked as she continued to work on her math problems.

"Music," I loudly blurted out in the break of quietness in the class.

"I like music too," Karlue stated trying to get me to do my math problems.

Now back to the present. Since that day our bond has been getting stronger ever since. We still love music and we love to talk musicals especially Wicked the musical and we love band.

One day at my grand mother's beach cabin at crystal beach I was bored so I went outside to see the sun smiling and waving its rays and fish gliding across the pond. Still sitting there, so I thought to my self, "well maybe I'll go to the beach, but the only thing I could do there is swim, and swimming to me is like walking on a normal day, so I thought, "well maybe I could add something like a boat," I went to dad and asked can I get a boat from the castle store, "why not?" at the store I saw many different boats, but one boat caught my eye it was a orange boat with black sides with a rope and paddles which had a name like oars. I got the boat from the store brought it home and my step brother saw the boat and asked what it was. I exclaimed, "it's a boat with two paddles and a pulling rope with a smile he grabbed it and yelled go get ready over the wind machine. I ran up stairs got my swim suit on ran back down I took his spot and he got ready came back down and the boat finished, so we ran to the beach he told me over the whistling wind to get in the boat so I jumped right on in he pulled me out to the deep where the waves are big. We bumped some wave some we just went over, but there was one massive wave I hit it and went spiraling up into the air and came back down laughing and ok.

I didn't always have a good bond with my dad. It all started on a summer day not too long ago, dad and I are going fishing. When dad and I got to our fishing spot we got all of our supplies out to start fishing. I got out of my dad's cherry red truck shining in the sunlight. It smelled like I was in a fish market. I didn't like to go fishing but I went with my dad to make him happy. My dad took out the fishing rods and the bait. I couldn't cast a rod the right way so I told my dad to cast it for me. He told me he could cast it for me. So I gave the rod to him. Now the line is in the water. "I hope I catch a big one." Dad and I told each other. "I got a bite." I told my dad. Under his breath he told me to "reel it in." I told him "I can't." I am trying to hold on to it with my dear soul. He helped me at the end we both pulled it out together. It was a blue catfish with a slimy texture. It was as heavy as a school bus. I will never forget the day that dad and I bonded together.

"Hahaha, come here!" Shouted my mother. "Come and get me mommy!" I replied with wet-paint brush in my hand. It was 7 years ago I was 5 years old. It was early in the morning the sun was flashing through the window. As I walked out of my room and straight to the living room. There I found my mother sitting on her knees painting the door. So I asked her if I could help her. She replied yes.

After five minutes I was all messy. I looked at my mother and told her. "Look mommy, i'm a monster ROAR!" I shouted with my hands up.

"Oh my, the monster is going to eat me!" She replied while laughing. "Wait mommy don't move!" As I looked at her. "Okay." With a smile on her face. So I dipped my finger in the paint. I touched her nose. "Mommy, your Roudalf with a green nose!" As I pointed at her nose and ran. "Haha ha indeed I am, now come here so I can paint you haha!"

"No mommy, you can't catch me because i'm the ginger bread man!" We both got tired of running and fell on the floor.

Since I was a baby I always had a love for animals especially dogs. The most beautiful dog in my eyes are German Shepherds, because they are known to have loyalty. I pleaded my parents everyday for a puppy, I even searched the internet finding a wonderful puppy. As soon as I would ask them for her they would ignore me, because they didn't think I would care for her. I was as close as I could get to the desk, then my eyes lit up like the sun, the puppy that was just right. She had brown eyes, black, gold, and white color coat all over her body. It was Christmas day and it was time for me to open my presents. There was a pink glittery card with a treasure map like inside. I followed every twist and turn there was to find the present. I got to the "X marks the spot," and there was a box like object with a grey blanket swayed over the top. There she was my amazing puppy bouncing around, when I opened the gate she jumped then licked me with her sloppy tongue, I already knew we made a special friendship. I sprinted directly to my backyard when we arrived home. We had already named her "KD" which was short for "killer dog" by her attitude in the car. KD and I played fetch and ran around trying to get her used to me, trying to connect to each other. When I saw her in person the way she was to me, I knew we will always have a special bond that will last forever.

My Cousin Matt and I have always had a special bond, but we got even closer the first time he took me hunting. It was 6 o'clock pm, and I was nervous. We were in a blind made of haybales about a 100 yards away from the woodline. Matt and I waited and waited, until a big old doe came out. Matt told me to just shoot it, so I propped up my gun and tried to line the crosshairs up right on its heart. Matt whispered "take your time." I was shaking so bad I couldn't stay on the deer. Finally I got locked in on her, and after what seemed like forever I took it off safety put my finger on the trigger took a deep breath and squeezed. My gun kicked back right in my shoulder, but I didn't feel a thing. Then I heard Matt yell "You got her!" We sat awhile waiting for it to die, shortly after we got up, and began walking through the pasture. Once we got in the woods I heard something violently rustling, when I turned there she was trying to stand. I tapped Matt's shoulder and walked over to her. Matt said "shoot it again." I put another bullet in, and shot it again. Matt and I walked over to drag it out but when we did there was the biggest cottonmouth I've ever seen sitting there with its fangs out in defense. Matt carefully reached for his pistol, with nothing there he mumbled "get my a stick." I frantically walked around looking for sticks. They all were rotted, finally I found a long, hard stick. He began to hit the snake after it backed off some we grabbed the deer by the hind legs and drag it all the way out of the woods, over logs, sticks and leaves. After that we tagged it took a picture, and loaded it up on his Gator. Matt highfived me, and we drove it to his house to clean it. That was the night me and Matt grew even closer, and I learned good thing come to those who are patient.

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When I was in 5th grade I was shy and I wouldn't talk to no one and I wasn't happy about going to a new school. I was so scared that everyone would hate me but something great happened. When I walked into my classroom this very pretty girl walked up to me and said hi. As I started to look up at her and she asked me,

"Hey do you want to be my best friend?" I looked at her and whispered,

"Who me?" Then she whispered back,

"Ya you." I started walking her way and yelled,

"Sure why not!" Then our teacher asked her nicely,

"Please go show her around the school so she can get to her classes."

"Okay." Then we walked down the hallway, then I quietly whispered,

"Thank you for being my best friend." Then she hugged me and said

"Your welcome." When she asked me to be her best friend and until I left that school we both liked music and like listening to music we would play songs for each other and listen and I was her best friend and I still am.

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It was just a normal day of summer in
June 2, 2011 I was writing a book on When

"I never had a SPECIAL bond with my family before!"

There I was, sitting in the chair next to my friends waiting for the concert to start and looking at my mom, hoping that I won't mess up and that we can do good. I tried to flush out my senses except my hearing, but the acid scent of my trombone was too overpowering and threw me off hand, but it didn't mess up my playing. During that time, I was first chair in the trombone section, and was always there until I joined honors band, but let's get back to the point, the announcers got on the stage and announced, "Here we are with the beginner band playing their first song Wild Ride."

After that, one of the band directors walked onto the stage casually and rose his hands, we rose our instruments up and started to play. We played the song fully and we did the next one, however, I forgot the song so I will progress to the third song. The announcers came back onto the stage and excitedly announced, "For the grand finally, the HMS beginner band will play Alien Invasion."

The final band director walked onto the stage and rose his hands, we rose our instruments and played the final song. The whole room exploded with clapping sounds and whistles of the parents and grandparents. Afterwards some of us got awards and got the smiles from others. It was that night that bonded me and my bandmates together.